The Martyr of Huping

Allen R. Bartholomew, D.D.

B
R36
B

WITHDRAWN from AMBS LIBRARY

ASSOCIATED MENNONITE BIBLICAL SEMINARIES
ELKHART
LIBRARY

The
Mennonite Biblical
Seminary Library

The gift of

R. B. HESS

THE MARTYR OF HUPING

The Life Story of William Anson Reimert

Missionary in China

WITHDRAWN from AMBS LIBRARY

BY

ALLEN R. BARTHOLOMEW, D.D.

SECRETARY

BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS
REFORMED CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1925

Press of Lyon & Armor
PHILADELPHIA

DEDICATED
TO THE FRIENDS OF
HUPING CHRISTIAN COLLEGE

35400

CONTENTS

		PAGE
I.	Under War Clouds	15
II.	The Martyr Throng	21
III.	In the Days of His Youth	27
IV.	Influence Upon Class Mates	33
V.	Zeal for Missions	39
VI.	Appointment by the Board	45
VII.	As an Evangelist	51
VIII.	The Conversion of Ma	59
IX.	Our House Boat Trip to Shenchowfu	67
X.	His Work in Huping Christian College	75
XI.	A Pioneer in Primary School Work	79
XII.	Trips to the Day Schools as Told by Himself	85
XIII.	An Appreciation by Dr. Daniel Burghalter	93
XIV.	The Tragic Death	99
XV.	The Family Ties	111
XVI.	Tributes of Esteem	123
XVII.	The Heroism of Missions	145
XVIII.	He Being Dead Yet Speaketh	151

IN MEMORIAM

WILLIAM ANSON REIMERT

By William E. Hoy, D. D.

We are purer, better, for the man we loved so long;
What he left us, still creative, surges in us strong.
His the sight, the constant courage and assuring smile;
Clear and far he saw the way how life is made worth while.

When in trouble, came the people, knowing well his heart;
Ever ready in disaster would he help impart;
None too poor or lowly bounties from his hand to share;
Came they trusting, for they loved him, generous, true and fair.

Up the valley, o'er the mountain roll'd the muttering thunder
Of the broken armies, fierce, and frenzied with their plunder.
Where to flee or where to hide, ah! who could see or choose?
Pandemonium, or the senseless hordes of hell turned loose.

Trembling women, frightened maidens, children at the gate,
All are seeking well-known refuge to escape their fate.
Oh! for them the gates are fastened, bright and safe the place;
For there's one to guard, to comfort with a smiling face.

"Open! Open!" cried the leader of the looting band,
"Not convenient!" came the answer, "For on watch I stand."
Few the words and quick the action, while the bullet sped,
On its mission bloody, and our valiant man lay dead.

Rose the cry among the women and the children all,
Up to heaven high, the broken, thrilling, soulful call,—
"As the Master died of old to free the world from sin,
Pastor Reimert died for us, our safety here to win!"

WILLIAM ANSON REIMERT

THIS faithful servant of the Lord met a tragic death on Sunday, June 13, 1920, at the East Gate of the Lakeside compound of Huping Christian College, about four miles distant from Yochow City, Hunan, China. He had gone to the gate in order to prevent a squad of ruffian soldiers from gaining entrance and in the hope of protecting hundreds of Chinese women and children from their cruel outrages. They told the missionary, "We are hungry and want food," and he replied, "I will get food for you, but cannot admit you to the compound." Alas! the words had hardly been spoken before one of the bandits fired the fatal shot, and he fell an innocent victim at their fiendish feet. The untimely death of this true man of God made a profound impression upon the Chinese people. They knew that he had sacrificed his life to guard the women and girls from the brutalities of the wanton soldiers. His was the spirit of the Christian knight who is ever ready to die that others might live. Our martyr-missionary by his noble life and ghastly death is worthy to be held in grateful remembrance by our Church, and well deserves the honorable title

THE MARTYR OF HUPING.

This is life to come,
Which martyred men have made more glorious,
For us who strive to follow. May I reach
That purest heaven, be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty,
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion even more intense!
So shall I join the choir invisible
Whose music is the gladness of the World.

GEORGE ELIOT.

CHAPTER I

Under War Clouds

SINCE the rise of the Republic of China in the year 1911, the Province of Hunan has been the scene of many fierce encounters between the military forces of the old and the new regime. It is very difficult for any outsider to unravel the present web of political intrigue, or to estimate the real strength of the parties struggling for power. That great statesman, John Hay, gave it as his conviction that "the storm centre of the world would gradually pass from the Balkans, from Constantinople, from the Persian Gulf, from India, to China," and he further said, "whoever understands that mighty empire—socially, politically, economically, religiously—has the key to the world politics for the next five centuries." This is in full accord with a current writer who declares that "the Chinese question is the world question of the twentieth century." No one can study the signs of the times without a deepening sense that the event most fraught with meaning for the rest of the world is the awakening of the Far East.

Yochow City with a population of about fifty thousand is the gateway to Hunan. It is a strategic centre for the invasion of troops from

the north and the south. Being near the great Yangtze River, which flows from west to east, and on the one railroad between north and south, it is easy of access. It is the bolt which locks the water gate of Hunan, so that no boat can enter or leave the province save with the permission of Yochow. It has always been a military centre. Previous to the Taiping rebellion there was kept here a great supply of arms—in the shape of long spears and tower muskets which the Taipings captured in the closing days of 1852, and arming their followers with these they swept right down to Nanking, taking every city en route with the first rush.

"China," said one of the most thoughtful men in that great nation long ago, "is athirst for leaders." Her great difficulties at this moment may be traced to the principle of "balance of power." The north and the south are in more or less of a dead-lock. The military leaders are all about equal in strength, and all seem to be naturally jealous of their powers and afraid of each other. To this unsettled condition must be traceable the frequent political uprisings and the marshalling of troops in centres like Yochow City and Shenchowfu. Our medical missionaries at both stations have been kept

busy in recent years ministering to thousands of soldier patients. The fine quality of the work done by our brave workers is worthy of the highest praise. It must be evident that all such sudden and terrible invasions of enemy troops make life harder for the missionaries. Their homes are often places of sorrow and scenes of suffering because they afford refuge, advice and comfort to this great people in the midst of their own troubles. One of the cheering facts amid the warring factions is the widespread readiness to hear the Gospel. The turbulent life is more hopeful than the dead silence of bygone years. Tidings like these form a silver lining to the clouds of war: "The door stands wide open for evangelization of all kinds. There is great willingness to listen and less opposition than ever before."

CHAPTER II

The Martyr Throng

THERE is a martyrdom of the spirit as well as of the body. Some Christians live the martyr's life while others die the martyr's death. Missionary Reimert lived a martyr for the faith and was one of those martyr spirits who bear constant testimony to the great truths, claims and demands of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. The word "witness" as applied to the Heroes of the Faith, in the Epistle to the Hebrews, does not mean an onlooker, one who sees, inspects and judges of human actions. It really means a "martyr," one who bears witness to the truth, testifies for Christ, and is ready to "follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth."

During the past century—the great century of Foreign Missions—the noble army of martyrs has been recruited almost entirely from among the missionary converts and from the missionaries who have died on heathen soil. The fifth seal in the Book of Revelation is in honor of martyrdom, and refers exclusively to "the souls of them that were slain." This is the acme of loyalty; it is the last test of sincerity;

it is the limit of sacrifice; and the crowning proof of stability.

The roll call of martyrs has been increasing ever since the death of Stephen, the first Christian martyr. Among the latest to answer the call was our own Missionary Reimert. It should not excite our wonder that Christian men and women must suffer martyrdom for Christ even in this modern missionary era. Times of heroism are generally times of terror, but the day never shines when this element is not at work. The early Christian martyrs have proved a valuable asset to Christianity and to the Christian Church of our day the heroism of the martyr-missionary will become a spiritual treasure, the value of which it would be difficult to estimate.

The martyr age of Christians never passes. It is with us all the time. Daily, men must make the supreme sacrifice for the Lord. Among no class of workers is the martyr-spirit more in evidence than in the hearts of the foreign missionaries who have gone to labor in the hard and difficult places of the world. They are the real heroes in the ranks of human welfare toilers. After his return to the United States, Ambassador Elkus to Turkey praised the work of the American College workers in

Turkey, Armenia and other countries, and declared that "the missionaries who stuck to their posts were among the great heroes and heroines of the War." And the secret of the heroic adventure in the life of the foreign missionary is found in the words of St. Paul: "For me to *live* is *Christ,* and to *die* is *gain.*" This is the martyr mark engraven on the heart of every true missionary of the Cross. It is the daily program the herald of the Gospel adopts as the rule of his life and conduct. He follows the Lamb whithersoever He goeth, even unto Calvary.

CHAPTER III

In the Days of His Youth

ONE of the first questions one asks when he sees a successful man is: "Where was he born?" The place of birth may not be as important as the character of the parents and the spirit of the home. Our missionary was born in New Tripoli, Lehigh County, Pa., on February 7, 1877. His parents were plain, honest, thrifty folk. They were lovers of the things that are pure and true and of good report. As is the habit of most people in rural communities, the Reimerts were given to hard work, frugal meals, simple living and noble thinking. The home, the school and the church were the places that occupied their time and attention. It was life in the country, where the birds sing in the trees, the flowers bloom in the gardens and the brooks refresh the meadows. In this peaceful atmosphere and amid these quiet surroundings the boy grew up. How much such a heritage means to a growing child! What a hallowing influence to the man of mature years!

As soon as the lad became of legal age he was sent to the country school house. He was an apt pupil, winsome in his manners, and be-

came a favorite with the teachers. After receiving a public school education, and attending the Keystone State Normal School, he taught for one year, at the same time studying privately for entrance into college. In the fall of 1894 we find him a student at Ursinus College, a classmate of Dr. George Leslie Omwake, now President of the institution, and graduating with him in the year 1898. He took his Seminary course in the Ursinus School of Theology, then located in Philadelphia, and from which he was graduated in 1901.

Dr. Omwake, on seeing the picture of the group of five students taken at Collegeville, related the following facts of interest: "During our senior year, five members of the Class of '98, of which Reimert was one, occupied rooms at the home of Captain H. H. Fetterolf on Main Street opposite the campus. This was the year of the Spanish American War. Captain Fetterolf was a veteran of the Civil War and the whole family took a keen interest in military matters. Perhaps it was because of the atmosphere that thus existed and because of the Captain's frequent conversations with 'his boys,' that we young men became deeply interested in the movements that led up to the fall of Havana and the surrender of the Spanish

fleet in Manila Bay. At any rate, a good many hours were spent during those spring days in discussing the relative merits of battleships and generals. We knew the tonnage, the speed, the number of guns—their calibre and their range—of practically every vessel in the American Navy, Reimert and his room-mate, Hunsicker, being the authority on disputed points. It was on this porch that the plans were laid for the street parade in celebration of Dewey's victory at Manila on May 1, 1898."

There was a fine blending in the life of young Reimert of the mental, moral and spiritual qualities. His intellectual attainments did not dwarf his growth in grace and truth. He was a child of faith in the home of his parents, and this childlike faith in the Lord kept him from drifting in the college and seminary. Early in his college career he came under the good influence of a kind college mate, the Rev. George W. Kerstetter, to whom he made grateful appreciation in a letter a few months before sailing for China and from which we quote as follows:

"How clearly can I recall the beginning of the changed life in me. It began when *you* got me interested in Y. M. C. A. work. It began there. My interest in Foreign Missions I can

also trace back to Northfield. Again it was you that got me to go there. My complete surrender to the Lord's will in regard to my going to a foreign field was brought about at the Student Volunteer Convention in Cleveland. Again it was you that at the last moment persuaded me to go. How wonderfully the Lord has led me. But, George, you I feel and know were the instrument in bringing it all about. I shall always kindly and thankfully remember you for the part you have been playing in my religious life. Will you now continue that same influence by remembering me and my work, daily in your prayers that the Lord may use me mightily in His service in China? It will be a great encouragement to me to know that you are doing this."

IV

INFLUENCE UPON CLASS MATES

I live for those who love me, whose hearts are kind and true,
For the heaven that smiles above me, and awaits my spirit too;
For all human ties that bind me, for the task by God assigned me;
For the bright hopes yet to find me and the good that I can do.

G. Linnaeus Banks.

CHAPTER IV

Influence Upon Class Mates

FEW men have left a finer or more wholesome impression by character and conduct upon faculty and students than did Mr. Reimert during the years he spent in Ursinus College and School of Theology. A score of graduates can rise up and testify, with his classmate, Rev. Asher R. Kepler, of China, "I owe a great deal to him, as it was through his influence that I offered myself for missionary service in China, and I am quite sure that I would not be here in China today had it not been for the deep Christian consecration which he always evidenced, and his contagious enthusiasm for Missions which he did not fail to impart to all those with whom he came in contact, in his college days."

Nowhere have I found so true and vivid a portrayal of the excellencies and activities of student Reimert as given in the communication by Mr. Kepler. From it I shall take the liberty to quote freely in this chapter.

"It did not take me a very long time to discover that in keenness of intellect and ability to master the courses of our curriculum, he was one of the leaders in the class." He was a very

human fellow, a good mixer, and very popular with all the boys. In fact, his versatility was remarkable. In spite of his lightness of weight he was one of the best men in the back field on the Varsity Football Team. He was manager of the baseball team during his senior year, and the manager of a boarding club for students during several seasons of his college course. All these varied activities did not detract from his deep religious life. His was a virile Christianity, which could be taken on the athletic field as well as to the prayer service.

He loved good, harmless jokes, and would sometimes surprise one with his audacity. The story is told of the professor's hat lying on the window sill and Mr. Reimert opening the window and stealthily dropping the hat outside, just fastening it by the edge of the window sill, and quietly closing the window again. The dear old professor at the close of the recitation lost his temper hunting the hat, but no one would suspect that Mr. Reimert had been the perpetrator of the harmless escapade. Another story is told, a joke on Dr. James I. Good, Dean of the School of Theology. One day Mr. Reimert was smoking a cigar, which he rarely did, when the professor appeared in the room. Sniffing a bit, Dr. Good said, "I believe the gas

jet is leaking." Without betraying himself in the least by a smile or word, Mr. Reimert replied, "Yes, I have noticed that the gas jet has been leaking lately, and I have been soaping it, but it does no good." Of course, Mr. Reimert knew what the Doctor was driving at and the Doctor knew that Reimert knew. But his reply was so apt and well chosen that nothing more was said with regard to the matter. Mr. Kepler says: "It was in Seminary life in Philadelphia, that I first came under the influence of his missionary enthusiasm, and in a short time, due to his untiring zeal our small Volunteer Band of three, grew into a group of nine or ten. He was then instrumental in organizing a Missionary Band consisting of a quartet of Student Volunteers who did much to stir up missionary enthusiasm in the denominational churches in Philadelphia and vicinity."

Shortly after the death of our missionary, Rev. Charles A. Butz, another school mate, wrote: "Reimert was a beautiful character. In college and in the seminary he manifested a wonderful life. He was no angel, but he was a MAN. He was a man of faith, of consecration, full of good works. I always felt that the Lord was preparing him for a noble work. The day came when his desires were realized. He

was called by the Board. He entered upon his work with an enthusiasm and a courage, a conviction and devotion that won for him a high place in the annals of Missions."

On March 8, 1901, the senior class of the Ursinus School of Theology sent a petition to the Board of Foreign Missions, setting forth the duty of the Church to obey the Master's command to extend His kingdom over all the world, stressing the claims of China for immediate action and recommending the appointment of Paul E. Keller and William A. Reimert, Student Volunteers, who were ready, willing and anxious to go to China, and pledging to give them their hearty co-operation and financial support while on the foreign field. All these incidents reveal some of the outstanding characteristics in the student life of Mr. Reimert, his longing to do the will of the Master and his loyalty to his Church, his college and his friends.

V

ZEAL FOR MISSIONS

"I heard Him call
'Come follow,' that was all.
My gold grew dim,
My soul went after Him.
I rose and followed, that was all.
Who would not follow if he heard His call?"

CHAPTER V

Zeal for Missions

EARLY IN his college course the spirit of Missions had taken captive the soul of student Reimert. The books he read for past-time, the talks he had with missionary leaders, and his own heart-passion to proclaim the unsearchable riches of the Gospel to the heathen, made him eager to attend the Student Volunteer Convention at Cleveland. The college delegation to Northfield, where he came under the potent spell of Moody, and the Ecumenical Conference for Foreign Missions held in New York City in 1900 were the controlling influences in deepening and determining his purpose to go to the foreign field. At that time our Church had not yet fully caught the vision of the ripening fields and the number of men sent to the field were few and far between. There had been a number of volunteers from his college and seminary, but until that time not one of them had been sent. This fact made a deep impression upon his mind, and he vowed that if his own Board of Foreign Missions could not send him, he would apply to another Board.

That his zeal was not a momentary flame but a burning passion is proven by a statement

made in an address by Dr. Good, "Before Mr. Reimert came under my instruction in the Theological Seminary I had heard of his Christian activity and leadership in college. With his coming there came a new epoch into the Seminary. Theological Seminaries pass through epochs like other things, now critical, now evangelistic, now missionary. Before he came the theological students did not think much of Missions; perhaps because they felt that our Board at that time would not send them. But Reimert did not wait until the Board was ready. He began stirring up missions in the seminary. His concern was not the condition of the Church, nor of the Board, but of the condition of the lost souls in heathendom." During the summer vacation of the year 1898, he in company with Rev. Carl G. Petri, made a tour of our churches in Eastern Pennsylvania, delivering a stereopticon lecture on "Japan," in the hope of arousing an interest in the hearts of the members in the work of Foreign Missions. In his letter later offering himself to the Board of Foreign Missions to go as a missionary to China, dated March 1, 1901, he gave the reasons why he should be sent. "Four years ago I was so moved by the needs of the heathen world and found the command of the

Master, 'Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature,' so binding upon me that after earnest and prayerful consideration I volunteered to go as a foreign missionary upon the completion of my collegiate and seminary training. Since that time my desire to go where the harvest is ripest and where the reapers are fewest has grown into a longing that can only be satisfied by its realization. My preparation for the ministry was shaped with this end in view. Now my course is about completed. In view of the present demanding needs, of the unexampled crisis, and unusual opportunity which the mission field presents, and of the urgent call of the various Missionary Boards for volunteers, I am ready to obey the Master's command, 'Go.' I therefore offer myself to your earnest consideration for an immediate appointment as a missionary to China under our beloved Church."

The Board did not immediately act on his application. Upon his graduation in 1901 he became pastor of St. Paul's Reformed Church at Summit Hill, Pa., where he was simply waiting until the Board of his own Church could send him, and all the time that he was ministering to the spiritual needs of his home parish his hopes and desires were in China. That he

was faithfully discharging the duties of the pastoral office may be seen from a letter to his warm friend, Kerstetter. "Now a few words about my work during the past year. I enjoyed my work very much. The people treated me fine and are bitterly opposed to my leaving. During the year we have organized a Junior Christian Endeavor Society with a present membership of 85; a Home Department of the Sunday School of 45; a Ladies' Auxiliary of 60, and are now planning for a Woman's Missionary Society. During the last four months we added 20 new members to the Church and have a prospect of at least 5 or 6 more. These are some of the encouraging features. We feel that the Lord has used us to some extent among our people."

CHAPTER VI

Appointment by the Board

FREQUENTLY the Board of Foreign Missions has had to delay the appointment of very worthy applicants for service, not because the need did not exist for more workers, but simply for lack of funds to support them. Grace Church, Columbiana, Ohio, had generously pledged $800 per annum toward the salary of a single missionary to China, but this amount would not provide the outfit and travel expenses for a married man. The Board, however, elected Mr. Reimert at a meeting held on January 3, 1902, as our first evangelistic missionary to China.

In order that the new missionary might know the people, and they learn to appreciate his fine character, arrangements were made for the missionary-elect to spend the month of May with his kind supporters. In the letter written at Columbiana, May 8, 1902, from which a quotation has already been given, he pours out his soul with rejoicing. "The desire and ambition of my life has at last been realized. The Lord opened the way for me to go to China and I am ready to go. He wants me to go and I am unwilling to stay. The longer I am here in

this country the more anxious I am to go to the forefront of the battle line in dark and heathen China. Isn't it a great privilege to be counted worthy to engage in such a responsible work! How I long to see the effect that the Gospel has upon those who hear it for the first time. A Baptist preacher told me the other day that our people here in America are becoming 'gospel hardened.' Isn't it true? What a joy, then, to go where no foundation is laid. I deeply realize what kind of a life it requires to be successful in the gospel ministry and especially in the foreign field. My own prayer and desire is that I may have no will or desire apart from Christ's, and that my life may be entirely conformed to His plan for me."

The Farewell Service was held in Zion Reformed Church, Allentown, Pa., in the presence of a large and sympathetic audience on October 28, 1902. Shortly thereafter the missionary and his wife, with their three-months-old baby, William, left for China, arriving at Yochow City on Christmas Day. I shall never forget my emotions when I bade them farewell at the Broad Street Station in Philadelphia. Mr. Reimert immediately set to work on the study of the Chinese language, and in the course of

a few years became very proficient in the use of the spoken language.

That Mr. Reimert was a chosen vessel of the Lord may be seen from excerpts taken from a letter after his first year's labors in China. "Truly the Lord is greatly using us among the Chinese of Yochow. He has set such an open door before us, that we behold our privilege with awe and wonder. We are too few to undertake the trust which He has committed to us. Dr. Hoy is overworked. Dr. Beam is so crowded with dispensary work that he can devote little time to the study of the language. I am giving every forenoon to teaching in the Boys' School. The greater part of the afternoon has to be given to the building of our house. The carpenters and masons have never built a foreign house before and are so crude and unskillful in their workmanship that I have to plan and oversee every detail of the work. This gives me very little time for the study of this difficult language which I so much need to help in the evangelistic work. But the door is still open. Souls are awaiting. The Lord is calling. Let us be true to our trust. Send us the much needed help. Meanwhile, we toil on and hope and pray."

CHAPTER VII

As an Evangelist

BY the time the new church at Yochow City was ready for dedication in 1904, Missionary Reimert had become a real force in the work of the Mission. In the Sunday School and in the exercise of preaching he was now on his feet as a worker, and the outlook for evangelistic work at Yochow grew brighter. His deep influence as a preacher was due to his own faithful witness to his Lord and Master. There never was any uncertain note in his preaching. He knew in whom he believed, and he was determined to know no one among the Chinese save Jesus Christ and Him crucified. With Paul he could say: "Unto me is this grace given, that I should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ."

In order to strengthen the evangelistic work, he early organized a class of student evangelists. To their training he devoted his time and talents. The four men who qualified in that class are now doing splendid work. Among this number is the well-known Evangelist Ma, of whose conversion Rev. Paul E. Keller wrote so vividly to Dr. William E. Hoy. (See Chapter VIII.) There was a very personal relation

with all these students, and he tried to lead them into vital communion with their Saviour through the prayer-life. A few of these students, however, eventually fell into sin, and this spiritual lapse on the part of these men was a keen disappointment to the faithful teacher. Unfortunately, he laid their spiritual failure upon himself, as though he were to blame. He felt that he fell short of his ability as their guide in holy things. He thought if he had done what he should they would not have fallen. How human was this experience in the life of this man of God. His sensitive soul shrank from taking any credit unto himself. Despite the failings of a few of his students, we see now what a rich blessing the training of these Christian workers became to the building up of the kingdom of grace and truth in the Province of Hunan. Brother Reimert saw that in the Chinese themselves, as Christian preachers and leaders, lay the greatest hope of the ultimate and completest form of evangelization in China. This is now a common policy among the Christian workers in China.

His Last Report as an Evangelist

LAKESIDE, August 23, 1913.

To the Board of Foreign Missions
of the Reformed Church in the U. S.

DEAR FATHERS AND BRETHREN:

The longer a servant is in the employ of his master, the better will he be able to enter into his master's plans; the more efficient service will it be possible for him to render; and the more pleasure will he take in his work. It is with such feelings that I review the past year. The work has been more interesting, the blessings larger, and the fellowship and acquaintance with the Master closer than ever before.

The work has been as varied as the work of the Evangelistic Department always is: preaching, teaching native evangelists, instructing inquirers, itinerating into outlying districts, personal and pastoral work, street chapel work, and entertaining native visitors and guests. The last of which is not the least in its demands upon one's time and energies.

In addition to teaching the training class for the native ministry, I have tried, this summer, to be the architect, head-mason, head carpenter, and head coolie boss in the erection of our dwelling at Lakeside. A foreigner, after being in China for a number of years, usually prides

himself on the progress he has made in his knowledge of Chinese human nature. But it requires only the supervision of the erection of a new building to get rid of that delusion. One becomes convinced that either Chinese characteristics instead of being a matter of constancy, change periodically and individually or most foreigners are too dense and stupid to grasp the intricacies of the Chinese mind and character.

The older the missionary grows in years, the more he grows in the grace of patience and forbearance. But after he has gone through the process of a building operation, he really wonders whether he ever possessed this grace at all or whether he has only lost it in the time of his greatest need. Of one thing he is certain. He longs to get away from things Chinese for a while to have a season of heart search and quiet, close communion with his Lord to again possess that mind which was also in Christ Jesus and to regain his own self respect.

The experiences of the past year have been as varied as the work itself—some pleasant and some sad; some hopeful and others disappointing; some helpful and many discouraging. But for all the work and experiences I feel truly

grateful. They have been necessary for larger service.

At my request, I was transferred to the Lakeside schools, at the end of the year. I have recognized for years the lack of qualities necessary for a successful missionary in the evangelistic work. One of the chief requisites for a worker in this department is to be able to easily and readily make friends of the Chinese outside of the church and whom one meets only occasionally. This I failed to do and consider my work in this respect a failure. On the other hand, I found my life counted for more with men with whom I came into daily fellowship and association. The work of the past which is at all satisfactory to me has been in the training and teaching of men for the native ministry and the winning of my personal teachers for Christ. Four Chinese evangelists are in the church doing excellent work, preaching and witnessing by their lives, works and words. Five more have partially completed their course. Three personal teachers of high literary standing, Confucian scholars, joined the church. One has since died in the faith, one is at the head of the Department of Chinese Literature in the Girls' School, and one is a teacher in one of our day schools.

In view of these facts, I am convinced that I shall be able to render larger service by engaging in such work where I can give my best to those who will be in daily touch with me. The Mission has kindly concurred in my request. With this report, my work as one of your evangelistic missionaries ceases. In the fall, I will begin my new work as a teacher in the Lakeside Boys' School. I shall continue to preach and itinerate at such times and places as opportunities offer.

With the highest regards for my co-laborer, Mr. Keller, with whom the work of the past eight years has been a constant source of pleasure and helpfulness to me, and with deep appreciation of the many kindnesses, confidence and forbearance of my fellow missionaries in Yochow City, I make room for a man better fitted for that work. With high anticipation for greater usefulness, I enter upon my new work.

Pleading your earnest, continued prayers, I remain very sincerely,

W. A. REIMERT.

CHAPTER VIII

The Conversion of Ma

As related by Rev. Paul E. Keller

THE story of the conversion of Evangelist Ma proves the power of God unto salvation and the patience of the missionary with a soul in the grip of the opium demon. We give in full the stirring description as related by our Missionary Keller:

"Dear Dr. Hoy:—

"You know he was a cup-mender or traveling blacksmith before he came to us. So you can describe how these fellows carrying their shop and materials on their shoulders came ambling or loping down the street. Then tell something about his appearance, unkempt, unwashed, and with the typical opium-fiend look in his face and eyes. He takes a peek into the open street chapel door because he hears some one talking quite loud in there. As he looks in, our dear Bill invites him to sit down a while and listen to the preaching. Tell how pressed the Chinese are for work. But Bill's sweet face made him forget his profits and he sat a while. Then he came back repeatedly, in fact came quite regularly. Bill induced him to come to

Sunday services, and then the inquirers' class. You can fill these things in for yourself. I am just handing you the bare facts. After a while Bill said to him, 'You know God wants us to be pure.' He responded, 'Yes, without as well as within.' He was referring to his opium habit. Well, he promised Bill to try to break it off. After a few days he saw him again, and he confessed that he had lost out in the fight. But then, with a fire in his eye, he said, 'But I am going to quit it if I die in the attempt. For I would rather die in the attempt to break it off than live on this way.' Bill was encouraging him in his faith, when all of a sudden he asked Bill if he would not help him in the attempt. Of course Bill would. Ma wanted him to give him permission to bring his 'pukai' (bed) up on Bill's veranda, so as to be away from the tempting fumes 'which as soon as they rose to his nose irresistibly made him smoke again.' And he wanted to be near someone who could help him because of spiritual sympathy and power, for Ma had a world of confidence in Bill. He took his dirty 'pukai' upon Bill's veranda. Soon the fight was on. It was a mighty battle with one of the fiercest appetites ever saddling itself on man. He could not eat. There he lay in agony, rolling, moaning, and groan-

ing, as nearly as I can remember, for six days. Then the fight was over. He had said he would rather die in the attempt than live on that way, and he almost succeeded in dying. Now he gradually began to pick up in strength, taking only a little food at first, more gradually, for you know fiends do not each much, they get stimulation through their smoking. You ought to say something about the fact that opium smoking cannot be broken off ordinarily without drugs and careful treatment. Well, Ma was happy. He kept shy of the street for a while lest he fall back into the habit before he gained sufficient strength, and then after a while he went to his old trade again. On this last point I am not absolutely certain any more. I forget whether he had begun preaching (testifying) in the street chapel before this or not. Anyway, Ma, Tang, and some others, had Bill to let them say something in the street chapel occasionally. By and by, these men, who came almost daily to the chapel and preached fervently, and who were all studying faithfully in the inquirers' class, were seen to be men of God's own choosing, and it will not do for man to reject whom God has chosen. Then we asked them whether they would not like to study the doctrine more deeply or thoroughly. They all

expressed the fear that they were unfit for such work, but consented to study if we wanted them to. So as to help them, for it took them away from their employment, we gave them 3000 ($1.50) cash a month. They studied in the afternoon, but they preached out what they had learned the next morning. So it went on for about a year. Then we asked them to give up their work entirely and devote themselves to the work of preaching entirely. (There is something wrong here in the sequence, but it has slipped my mind, and you will have to see Bill about it.) After not less than two years they were baptized. The class continued, as you know, and received a fairly stiff training for preaching. Then after about four years Ma and two others, having completed their course, devoted themselves entirely to the work of preaching. It was not till this spring that they were ordained as evangelists. Of them all I think Ma is the most fervent and zealous. Rough and ready in a way, but with a real passion for the salvation of his countrymen. He at once brought in his fellow smoker Wang, and has been very active among Buddhist priests. He is always ready to preach (and for indeterminable periods, too) because he knows what Christ can do for a poor devil like he was. But

of the fights we had till we had those men nailed down, their pride partly subdued, and loyalty to the Master set above loyalty to self and family, that alone the angels know. In fact, it is what has driven Bill into your work. He thought it was defects in himself instead of in the men that caused these outbreaks. Poor boy did not think of the defeat of the Master Himself with one of His own disciples. But humanly speaking, it was Bill and what he stood for and was that brought him around. God always works through men, otherwise there were no use of our coming.

"PAUL."

CHAPTER IX

Our House Boat Trip to Shenchowfu

OUR two stations in the Province of Hunan are about 350 miles apart. The only mode of travel between these stations is by boat on Tungting Lake and the Yuen River. It was during our visit to China in 1910 that Mrs. Bartholomew and I made this ever-memorable trip traveling all the way from Yochow City to Shenchowfu by houseboat, requiring 16 days going and 14 days returning, a total of 30 days. We were most fortunate in having as our genial companions, Rev. William A. Reimert, Miss Alice E. Traub and Miss Anna C. Kanne, now Mrs. E. E. Steffen, of Des Moines, Iowa, to whom, together with Mrs. Bartholomew, credit is due for the larger portion of this interesting experience. The only other Christian in the boat, so far as we knew, was Mr. Ma, the faithful Chinese evangelist whom Mr. Reimert had carried through the terrible struggle of opium habit. It was a bright and beautiful day, on January 24, when we left Yochow City, and as we were passing our Boys' School at Lakeside, now Huping Christian College, "The Hoys" waved a sheet in the air and flashed a mirror in the sunlight to bid us farewell. The house-

boat had been made as comfortable as possible, but strong winds were frequently delaying our progress. For a whole day we were storm-tied at a place which Mr. Reimert told us was "Lo Go," but we named it—"No Go." On account of contrary winds and the shallow condition of the river in many places it was evident that patience must not cease to be a virtue on this tedious journey. For courtesy, cheer and companionship one could not have had a more able escort than Mr. Reimert. On many occasions his excellent command of the Chinese language was remarkable. In his conversations with the *Laoban* and his helpers he was ever kind and gentle, yet firm and dignified, gaining the complete respect of each and all. Profanity and rage were in daily use among the boatmen, and especially the pilot. Fortunately, Mr. Reimert was the only American in the party who knew just what was being said. Each evening he would gather the helpers aboard to conduct a Chinese service with them. The welfare of those whom he came to serve was ever uppermost in his mind. On Sundays we had services among ourselves. Many a long evening was spent in interesting and helpful discussions on life with its joys and problems. One night Brother Reimert and I sat up until after mid-

night relating our experiences, and I am sure the houseboat, for the first time, heard stories in our vernacular tongue. Often for exercise, and to while away the time, some of our party would go on shore and walk, for frequently a stroll on the river bank would take one along as rapidly as the boat. One day Mr. Ma was out walking, and passing by a deserted temple he found a wooden idol amid the ruins. When he came on board the boat again he asked Mr. Reimert to give me the old idol as a souvenir. That night, while the boat was anchored in the harbor, a soldier thief stole Mr. Ma's best suit of clothing and watch. Upon hearing of this the next morning, I inquired if our Chinese brother might feel any superstition about having taken the idol. I was assured that the Chinaman was so truly a faithful Christian that he would in no way associate the two circumstances.

I often wonder what impressions our party made upon the captain, his family who accompanied him, and the whole crew, who were rather a rough and ignorant crowd. The only one who seemed to be religious was the captain's aged mother; she burnt incense at all the perilous places. It was amusing to see each day at the end of the boat the offering of a

roasted fat pig to the river gods. The best portion of the pig was eaten by the family and crew, so that towards the end of our trip only the head and tail were brought forward in sacrifice. Not unlike the kind of offerings even some Christians bring to the God of their salvation. When we were passing through the rapids, amid treacherous rocks, the old Chinese grandmother became afraid to ride in the boat in Christian company. With gestures she plead with us to get off and walk, but Mr. Reimert smiled kindly at her and assured her the Christians had no fears. The poor old woman then got off herself, taking her little grandson, and trudging along through several inches of deep mud rather than risk going with Christians. The boat went safely on.

One morning all of us were in great peril, and only the agility of mind and body which Mr. Reimert exercised saved the lives doubtless of all on board. There was a strong wind, the boat lurched and the little stove in the living and dining room upset. One of the party cried out "the stove has turned over," and Mr. Reimert lost no time in rushing to the scene, raised the stove, put out the fire, and saved the lives of all. Mrs. Steffen has a number of books which still bear the marks of the fire, and the

floor was badly damaged. After disembarking, it was discovered that just under the stove in the lower part of the boat were stored a number of cans with kerosene. The owner knew he could smuggle the oil, for we were flying the Stars and Stripes.

The celebration of Mr. Reimert's birthday on February 7th was a pleasant relaxation from the strain of passing through the rapids. Miss Traub served candy and cake on this occasion. Being away from his own home circle, we could see that this observance was deeply appreciated.

How glad we all were upon our safe arrival at Shenchowfu after sixteen days of travel! All the dangers and deprivations along the way were forgotten in the hearty welcomes of our dear missionaries. We spent a most helpful week in seeing the work at the station so well begun and ably carried on. Praise and prayer occupied much of our time. Helpful conferences were held with our own missionaries, and blessed fellowships with the members of the Evangelical Mission. The return trip was made with little excitement, except an abundance of noise—shooting of fire crackers, beating of gongs and other hilarities, due to the last day of the Chinese New Year's celebra-

tions, which usually last two weeks. We spent two days at Changteh with the Logan and Owen families, the latter now being one of our missionaries at Yochow City.

In referring to our houseboat trip it was not my intention to enter into its varied experiences or to write fully of our work at Shenchowfu, but simply to bring to view the wise, helpful and courageous conduct of the man with whom we spent thirty of the most thrilling and soul-inspiring days in a lifetime.

CHAPTER X

His Work in Huping Christian College

ALREADY in 1903, before the school had found a permanent home at Lakeside, Mr. Reimert began his helpful work among the boys and young men. It was by him that the first Y. M. C. A. was organized, thereby blending Christian character and learning. During the year 1905, while Dr. Hoy was home on furlough, Mr. Reimert had full charge of the school. He did not, however, become fully identified with the institution until the fall of 1913. His entering upon the educational work at Lakeside soon made manifest his unique influence upon the boys and young men. He easily gained a leadership in the activities of the Y. M. C. A. and in the Sunday School work of the institution. He was often seen at his best near the close of the session of the Sunday School, when in his own way he brought home to the pupils the leading thought of the day's lesson. A former student, who is now out in the business world, recently called to mind the hold that Mr. Reimert exercised on him in his religious experience.

Mr. Reimert taught General History and the Bible in the College, with a few classes in Eng-

lish. Everyone that knew him must say that he was most diligent in his preparation for the class-room. He was a conscientious and thoughtful teacher, one who gave every opportunity to the students to do their best, and he was never satisfied with anything less. He never had any difficulty in the matter of discipline in the class-room, for when a teacher has the knack of keeping his boys engaged in honest study work there is no time for nonsense. When, however, on rare occasion there was need for stern dealing with a recreant student he never failed to administer proper punishment. We are told that there is very little occasion for severe punishment of students, due largely to the standards set by Mr. Reimert, and which the student body has adopted for their guidance in College. There can be no doubt but the Reimert name will go down to generations among the students of Huping Christian College. They now observe the anniversary of his death by assembling in the chapel that morning, and after a hymn and a prayer, the whole school marches to the grave, where the Scriptures are read, remarks made, hymns sung and prayers offered. Through these annual services rings the one clear note—"He died for us."

CHAPTER XI

A Pioneer in Primary School Work

ONE of the great achievements in the missionary career of Mr. Reimert was the planting of a number of Primary Schools in the outstations. This branch of our work was the creation of his own fertile brain. The function of the Primary School is to serve as a feeder for the central college, an entering wedge into new outstations, and a direct evangelizing agency. This was by no means an easy task, visiting these schools in the most remote places, during the inclement weather and bad roads of winter, and during the heat of summer was often most trying. There were many serious and difficult situations to face, but in spite of them he wrote, "The week-end visitation of these schools, in spite of many discouraging problems, is an unfailing source of pleasure, and I hope mutual profit." Under his wise and patient direction substantial progress was made, so that at the present time there are 15 schools, with about 815 pupils, in charge of that capable superintendent, Rev. Edwin A. Beck. It was difficult to get up a course of instruction to fit the need and conditions of China and to meet at the same time the require-

ments of the Lakeside Schools, for which these schools are feeders. A unified course of study was adopted with a view to develop the heart, the affections and the mind, as well as the senses. Contrary to the general opinion of the Chinese mind and character, such studies as drawing, music, nature studies and geography have without exception become the most popular courses of all the schools.

Special stress is laid on physical culture. Calisthenics and plays are a part of the daily program. Association football is the most popular game of all. The last hour is usually given to this sport. It is the happiest hour of the day, and especially is this true of Chinese boys, who have no opportunity for any games in their narrow and restricted lives. The zest and spirit with which they enter into all games is one of the hopeful signs of young China. I am convinced that good, strongly-organized and well-conducted elementary schools are one of the special needs in the development of China.

Religious instruction is one of the prominent features of these schools. Daily religious services under the charge of a Christian teacher or an evangelist are conducted before school-room work begins. Two periods a week of Bible instruction are a part of the program. In every

school some of the boys study the Catechism under the evangelist, in preparation for baptism and church membership. We are beginning to reap the benefits of this system of Primary Schools throughout our Yochow field. They have become important feeders to Huping Christian College. Their influence is also noticed in the evangelistic work. They are not only great formative factors in the lives and characters of the boys, but they create an interest in the community in the work and life of the church. Their present great success may be traceable to the efficient supervision of our dear Missionary Reimert, whose name has become a household word in hundreds of Chinese homes in the Yochow district. He was the right man in the right place.

CHAPTER XII

Trips to the Day Schools as Told by Himself

WHILE home on furlough, we had the pleasure of entertaining the Secretary of the Board, Dr. Bartholomew, in our home for a day. It was arranged to drive him to Slatington, from New Tripoli, a country village, a distance of eleven miles. We had the choice of two horses—one my father's, young, fast, spirited, but rather dangerous on account of his taking fright at automobiles. Another—my brother-in-law's horse, old, gentle, and slow. I asked the Doctor which he preferred; he answered, "Don't you have one in between?" I am in a similar position with regard to day school visitation.

Our nine day schools are situated in a semicircle, with the Lakeside Schools at the beginning of the radius. These schools are twenty, twenty-five, thirty and fifty miles from Lakeside. Week-ends are given to visitation and inspection. The trips are made on horseback. I have an old horse, long in the service of our Mission. She first carried Mr. Heinrichsohn over the hills and mountains of the Shenchow field, and during the last five years has been

my faithful charger on all visits over the entire Yochow district. She is getting too old to do the work alone, so I raised a mule. She, however, is only two and a half years old, and is too frisky and dangerous to use alone. Like Dr. Bartholomew, I often wish I had a horse "in between."

I always take the two on a trip and ride each half way. Two weeks ago I started out at daylight, riding "Lassie," the old horse, with the mule running loose. When I came to a bay which had to be crossed on a ferry boat, the young mule, "Gigi," was too wild and full of life to be persuaded to get on the boat. After wasting the greater part of an hour, we had to go without her. The trip was long and hard on old Lassie. A week later, in going to another station, I decided to make sure of Gigi the mule, and rode her first, with Lassie running loose. I had gone about two miles when Lassie turned tail and started for home. Nothing could persuade her to come along. I asked the horse coolie what was the matter—she had never done that before. He said, "You always ride Lassie first. Today you rode the mule first. This offended Lassie—I noticed it from the time we started. She stood it as long as she could, but her heart got too sore and she went home."

So I had a long, difficult trip on a wild young mule. When we got to our destination, I don't know which was more tired, the mule or the rider.

Part of the trip was made along the railway track. On the way home, we came to a high bridge, consisting of railroad ties laid on iron girders, over a deep culvert. I wanted to stop Gigi, get off and lead her down over the embankment and across a stone bridge, but she took the bit in her teeth, and began to gallop across the bridge. Fearing she would break her own neck and mine in the bargain, I threw myself off, with nothing more serious happening than a sprained back for myself and skinned legs for the mule—for she naturally soon stepped between the ties. We had a hard time getting her off the bridge. To show her appreciation, she gave a vicious kick at me. Fortunately I was just out of her reach. I look forward to the time when Gigi will get more mule sense, and then I will have a horse "in between."

This last trip was one of twenty-five miles over rather difficult roads. Our appetite was fairly well aroused by the time we reached our destination. Unfortunately the good evangelist did not know of our coming, and it took another

two hours to get a meal ready. When we were finally called to the guest room there were a half dozen steaming, savory dishes awaiting us. But a guest had preceded us. The family cat was on the middle of the table, gorging herself with the choicest viands. Tabby was unceremoniously extracted from among the dishes, and we set-to with such good will that I am afraid we forgot all about the unbidden guest, and by the time we had finished with that meal, there was hardly enough left to appease even the appetite of the family cat.

These Day Schools can and should become strong evangelizing forces in our mission work. They furnish an entering wedge into the hearts and homes of the parents. That they are an evangelizing as well as an educative force is shown by the fact that seven of the teachers and a number of the boys have become Christians since their connection with these schools. There are now catechetical classes in each school, morning worship and Bible study are a part of the daily program. These schools are much appreciated. Last year at Nieh Kia Shi, the people subscribed enough money to fit up two rooms in the building used by the evangelistic department. Desks, benches, blackboards

and table were all furnished by the people of the town. This year at Yang Lou Szi, enough money has been subscribed to erect a suitable building for a day school. The land has already been bought, and we have been asked to prepare a plan for the building and its furnishings. At Yuin Chi, the superintendent of twenty-seven government schools throughout the district has his two sons in our school, and frequently comes himself and helps to teach in order to learn how to conduct schools properly. He is now an inquirer and brings his town school to our Sunday services. He says our boys are so much better behaved and show so much more respect for their parents than the boys in his school. This got him interested in the Christian religion.

These are some of the encouraging things of our work. There are, however, other features which are decidedly discouraging. One is the lack of proper buildings. We are cramped in most places into some part of the evangelistic department buildings, which that department is kind enough to give us. These buildings are, for the most part, poor, unsuitable, unsanitary and overcrowded. Our great need in the Yochow field is chapel funds to properly

house our church and school work in the outstations. The Chinese will help, but they cannot do it alone.

CHAPTER XIII

An Appreciation by Dr. Daniel Burghalter

WHILE itinerating in December of 1919 for six days, in company with Brother Reimert, among the outstations of our Mission at Yochow, China, I was greatly impressed with the high esteem in which he was held by all classes of the native population. For a number of years he had made his regular rounds among these outlying cities and villages as the superintendent of the schools established in these places by our Yochow Station. As a result he was well-known by all the people. The Christian Chinese teachers showed their regard by their manifest pleasure in his presence, and moved about with him in their schools as with a brother and a friend, as well as with a co-worker. The schoolboys' faces beamed with a loving and profoundly respectful light of joy as he stepped into their school-room. They seemed to take pride in reviewing their studies before him, and on the playground they played with a zest and a zeal which could only have been inspired by the sympathetic interest of a loving older brother.

Usually as we entered the school a motley crowd of men and boys from the crowded

streets of these Chinese cities would follow us as far as the door, pushing and thronging the entrance, with the little boys of the street in front. These were often ragged, dirty, covered with sores, some half-blind, starved, pale, pitiable little fragments of humanity peering eagerly and wistfully through the door at the well-dressed, uniformed, well-fed, happy schoolboys within. After a little while some boy among them, a little bolder than the rest, seeing Mr. Reimert, would bolt directly for him, the whole group of a dozen or more following. They seized his hands, his coat, anything and anywhere that they could grab a hold, and from that time until we would leave again he had his escort wherever he went about the school buildings. All the while he would talk to them, sometimes he would sit on some bench or chair, and not only those boys, but older men from the street, would come in and crowd around him, all of them—young and old—listening with the most rapt attention to his voice, often asking questions. From village to village, and from city to city, this scene would repeat itself day after day for six days.

The rest of our party would have our ponies saddled, ready to mount and ride to the next station—Mr. Reimert was still in the midst of

his crowd of boys and men. We would call repeatedly, "Come, we must go or we will be late for the next appointment." He would say, "Yes, yes, I am coming!" and so finally he would literally tear himself loose from this eager street crowd, and with bows and wavings and cries of the whole school and all the street population he would ride on out with us to the next station, only to have the same scenes repeated over and over.

This aroused my greatest curiosity, and so after a number of days I asked him one night while we were retiring, "What do all these boys and these men from the streets want when they crowd around you so and won't let you go?" This was his answer, with glistening eyes and trembling voice he said, "Why this is the thing that nearly breaks my heart." I said, "What thing? What do they want?" "They want to come into our schools. The boys beg to come, and the old men, who are their fathers, or even grandfathers, and their uncles, make me all kinds of offers to take their boys in." I said, "Why don't you do it?" "That's why my heart is breaking; we can't. We haven't the room nor the money, nor the teachers." I said further to him, "Do they know that you are teaching Christianity?" "Yes, and they even

tell me that they want us to teach them the new doctrine." In China it is a very common experience to refer to Christianity as the "new doctrine or teaching."

When six months later I learned that a bandit's bullet had pierced this same heart which was breaking for the boys of the crowded streets of China, do you wonder that the first and most vivid picture of all my visit to China was dear Reimert, with clinging street urchins and their eager fathers begging him to take them into his schools and to teach them the new doctrine?

CHAPTER XIV

The Tragic Death

FOR more than a week prior to the fatal ending of this noble life, Yochow City had been the scene of wild confusion. The inhabitants were expecting trouble, but not in the way it eventually came. Villainous looking soldiers had taken possession of the city. Looting became general. So lawless were these soldiers and so absolutely without discipline that hundreds of men, women and children sought refuge in the Mission compound in the city. Little fear was felt for the safety of our missionaries at Lakeside, but the outlook for our workers in the city was very serious. To add to the gravity of the situation, Chang Chin Yao, the military Governor of Hunan, arrived on the Saturday previous with his bandit soldiers. He should have been a protection to the people, but he gave no heed to their pitiful appeals.

Coming now to the events at Lakeside, the scene of the awful tragedy, the first alarm was felt on Saturday morning when a barge bearing a great number of soldiers was moored at the bund outside the college compound. The soldiers were put on shore and some of the Mis-

MENNONITE BIBLICAL SEMINARY
ELKHART
LIBRARY

sion workers went out to enquire what it meant. When told that they were anxious to get to the city, a party of soldiers were given permission to pass through the compound to the main road on the other side. This they did in an orderly manner, but it seems evident that it gave them an opportunity to see the defenseless state of the college compound which led to the later outrage.

On Sunday morning Missionary Reimert visited our Ziemer Memorial Girls' School in the city, and at his suggestion the school gate was closed as a precaution against soldiers coming in, and it was kept closed. As he was leaving the city to return to his home at Lakeside, he told Dr. Adams, "If you need me, send for me." That same afternoon they did need him, for our city compound was then in great danger, but the messenger sent to ask for help found the Lakeside compound infested with soldiers, and Mr. Reimert lay dead at the East Gate.

Shortly after his return to Lakeside on entering his home, several students and the gate keeper came to tell him that the soldiers were coming and hundreds of women and children had already fled for safety into the compound. The last words spoken to his dear wife were, "Mother, I must go and see what the conditions

are in the compound." To the question of Mrs. Hoy, "What shall we do with the women to protect them from the soldiers?" Mr. Reimert replied, "Take them over to the big chapel." So far as is known, the women and children found a safe retreat in the house of the Lord. In company with Prof. George Bachman, Mr. Reimert went to the East Gate of the college compound to assist the people and to satisfy, if possible, the hunger of stray soldiers of the Seventh Division. A few people were shot and Mr. Bachman did what he could to give them medical aid. He then came to Mr. Reimert, who was cordially greeting a group of eight soldiers outside the gate. They said they were hungry, but it was evident that these soldiers did not want food, but "loot," and entrance into the compound. Mr. Reimert told them, "You cannot come in here," because many of the women were terror-stricken. On hearing this a soldier, a few feet outside the gate, fired the fatal shot, piercing the heart, and the body instantly sank to the ground. While Mr. Bachman stood on one side of the gate, a soldier put his gun through the slats of the gate and held it to his breast. The brave missionary said, "You can shoot if you want me." The shot was fired, but Mr. Bachman miraculously escaped by getting

behind the heavy gate. "Where is the other foreigner?" "Where is the other foreigner?" rent the air. The gate was then broken down, and the captain, who was the first to reach the body of Missionary Reimert, took his watch, glasses and hat. Through the tall grass Mr. Bachman made his escape to the other side of the compound, where he found Mrs. Reimert, Margaret Reimert and Mrs. Hoy in hiding near the chapel, and with the help of Prof. Horace R. Lequear placed them in the deep grass for protection.

Attempts to rescue the body of Mr. Reimert were futile, as the soldiers opened fire as soon as any one went in that direction. Later in the day, amid the shadows of the evening, the body was carried out from under the gate by Mr. Bachman, with the help of students, into the Reimert home. There the body was prepared for burial as could best be done under the distressing circumstances. A man in the country gave his own coffin for the repose of the mortal remains of this servant of God. Funeral services were held in the Lakeside Chapel on Tuesday at 4 P. M. Mrs. Reimert and her daughter were not present, for they, with the other women of the station, had been taken for safety to Kuling. Burial took place in the little

cemetery on the college campus, where repose the precious remains of our three other workers, S. Emma Ziemer, T. Edmund Winter and James A. Laubach.

Since all our missionaries, with the exception of a few men who were present at the last sad rites, had fled for their lives to Hankow, how appropriate are the words:

"So with none but strangers to do for him,
He was laid away to his long rest—
No, not strangers, but the Chinese and foreigners,
He so greatly loved."

The Chinese Loved Him

On September 20, 1920, a memorial service was held in the Lakeside chapel in charge of the Chinese. A host of friends of the sainted missionary vied with one another in paying tribute to his worth as a faithful teacher and true friend. Students and teachers of Huping Christian College gave evidence of their profound respect for the memory of their slain brother. They dwelt on the life and energy that he inspired in their lives. Rev. Edwin A. Beck at the time wrote a graphic account of this memorial service. "Unemotional people, these Chinese! Are they? There was Mr.

Hsiung, Master of Ceremonies, so filled with emotion that he could hardly begin the service. And Evangelist Tang, in the midst of his tribute, found it necessary to keep us in suspense till he gained control of himself again. At the grave Evangelist Ma nearly broke down in his prayer! Expressions from the heart!

They spoke of him as a teacher and friend; they spoke of his strenuous physical life; of his exposures; of his enthusiasm; but most of all they spoke of his *patience* with them when they were slow and stupid; and the fervor of his *prayer* life.

The Lakeside chapel was taken over by students and teachers (Chinese) and elaborately decorated in approved Chinese fashion. Many scrolls were prepared by friends and acquaintances and presented reverential tokens; the walls of the chapel were full of them—fifty pairs,—expressions of beautiful and exalted sentiment.

A large portrait was unveiled, and a bronze tablet engraved. A unique feature of the service was the presentation of souvenir photographs of the deceased to each guest; and it was interesting to see how these were taken and prized.

The chapel altar was decorated with the

legend, "SACRIFICE"; and in the memorial addresses the dominant theme was, "He gave his life for us." Not only in the chapel at Lakeside is this sentiment expressed; but in town and surrounding country as well, you hear it said, "His death saved us from the brutality of those cruel soldiers." And for this there seems to be foundation; for those brutal soldiers appeared frightened at their own excesses and hurried on, thus saving many people the bitterness of death and violence."

Memorial Tablet

In order to perpetuate the memory of Missionary Reimert, a bronze tablet was hung on the wall of the school chapel, written in Chinese, setting forth his fine ability, his high character and his personal attractiveness. Mr. Li Si made a translation in English of the inscription, and sent a copy to Mrs. Reimert "to be of some comfort to your heart." We give it in its original form as follows:

Epitaph of Rev. William A. Reimert

Rev. William A. Reimert served China faithfully for eighteen years.

He loved the Chinese people with all his heart and will.

To Dr. Hoy he was the right and left

hand, helping in all things.

Through the establishment of various day schools he won an undying fame.

For the best interest of the Church, he exerted his utmost,

And overcame the unavoidable difficulties by his unceasing effort.

When Dr. Hoy was called back to America,

He was chosen the acting principal of the school in China.

Ah! the defeated soldiers so wild and fierce,

That the neighboring people came to him for relief.

Down to the gate Mr. Reimert moved to receive them all,

He talked with the bandits so gently that it almost softened their wild hearts.

Suddenly he was mortally wounded for refusing to open the gate.

The head murderer ran away and the rest trembled after his breathing his last.

To this effect the relief society in town,

Composing nearly all the whole population of the city, began to pay special heed to the deserted soldiers.

When the contention ended, everyone,

sound and safe, returned to their respective homes.

Their salvation is largely and truly due to Mr. Reimert's "Self-Sacrifice."

They honor him and keep him as vivid remembrance for life.

This daring feat he performed has been fully described in a plate of glittering gold;

This True Christian Spirit he embodied, will be highly appreciated and be borne in the Chinese mind to the end of the world.

Memorial Services in the Homeland

Memorial services were held in the Ebenezer Church, New Tripoli, Pa., his home congregation, on Sunday morning, October 10, 1920, and on the same day in the afternoon in Zion Church, Allentown, Pa., where the farewell service had been held eighteen years before. On October 24, a similar service was held in St. Paul's Church, Summit Hill, Pa., his first and only charge in the homeland. At all these services large congregations were in attendance, attesting by their presence, their esteem for the missionary and sympathy for the widow and her four orphan children. The Secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions based his ad-

dress on the words in Revelation 14: 4, "These are they which follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth."

CHAPTER XV

The Family Ties

ONE of the great spiritual influences on the mission field is the home of the missionary. It is a constant object lesson to the people among whom he lives and labors. Of little help is the missionary who does not by his home life exemplify the love and life and light of Jesus. Human life finds its first and best culture in the Christian home. Nowhere does the Christian count for so much as in the family where the habits, the tastes, the aspirations and the conscience of the race are determined for time and eternity. In the nature of the case the family ties are closer on the mission field than they would be even in the homeland. The children at an early age enter into family problems with growing sympathy and intelligence. It is a frequent occurrence that the children of missionaries give evidence of more maturity of thought than the children of similar age in the homeland. This is due to the fact that the children often have no other associates than their parents and the other workers at the station. This experience is told in a most touching manner in the letters that follow of the husband to the wife, the father to the son, the

widow to me, and more especially in the touching letter to me from the elder son William.-

Letter to His Wife

YOCHOW, CHINA, Aug. 15, 1905.

MY DEAR WIFE:

This is William's birthday. How I wish I could celebrate the day with you! What a big boy we are having and how rich we are! He has been many a blessing and joy to us in these three years. His babyhood and these few years of his life have been of inestimable value to us in the comfort, peace and happiness they have brought to us. He is living our lives over for us. How many of his innocent childish ways and capers remind us and take us back to our own tender years of childhood, to a time of which we may remember little or nothing except the stories that are told of us by parents and friends; stories that are not always to our credit. And yet what innocence, guilelessness, and sincerity, does William remind us of in our early years. In our riper years how full of selfishness, hypocrisy, insincerity, and guilt we are. Could we not almost wish to be transported once more to a time of his years so full of enthusiasm, life, and sweetness! Not that we would have more years but fuller years

to live, fuller of service and blessing to others and fuller of satisfaction to ourselves because of our added lessons, experiences, recollections, and visions. But even in our fixed conditions and period of life, what a revelation his little life is daily to us of what God intends all His children to be, large and small. Not only are we put into this world pure and innocent and lovely, but if we would follow out His will and purposes, we would remain pure and lovely and innocent, all our days. May William's birthday lead us to reflection and meditation and may it be an inspiration to us to be truer to ourselves, truer to others, and truer to our FATHER whose dear little children we are.

Affectionately yours,

WILL.

Letter to His Son

LAKESIDE, Aug. 14, 1913.

MY DEAR SON:

Happy birthday! It seems only a few weeks ago since I wrote your last birthday letter. You are surely growing into a man very fast. Eleven years is a good age. These years will mean more to you than any others in your life. Things that happen during the next few years

you will remember forever, while most events afterwards you will forget.

The next few years are the years of habit formation, too. What you train yourself to do and be in the next few years, you will do and be the rest of your life. You are a good boy and we are proud of you. Mother writes some very nice things about you this summer. That's fine.

I should like to be with you today. But one of the hardest lessons in life to learn is that we can't always get what we want or do what we like. I have had a very hard time to learn that lesson. I learned it after much trouble and annoyance to my friends and myself. But I think I have learned it pretty well.

Have you ever noticed that some of the hardest lessons in life to learn are the most important? Well, they usually are, but it pays to learn them well.

Now, my son, I would like you to remember just one thing from the time you are 11 years old until you are five times eleven. It is this,— Try with all your might to get what you *want* honestly; but always be satisfied and happy with what you *can* get. That is a pretty big lesson for a boy of eleven to learn. It will take

you several years to learn it, perhaps many—but remember it.

Your dog Fritz is a mischievous long-legged rascal. He and Jack are great friends. Whenever I am about and don't pay any attention to him he nips me in the legs—just a tiny bit to let me understand that he is there. We clipped all the dogs. His tail looked like a worm curled over his back when we got through with him. He was outside the gate and got into a fight yesterday. Jack rushed out and helped him. They soon came back happy, having completely licked their enemy—a long haired black and white dog.

I can't imagine what you want with a wolf's eye lantern. There are no wolves on Kuling. I will send it and the racket with Mr. Lequear.

My love to you, your mother, brother and sisters, FATHER.

Letter from Mrs. Reimert

TIFFIN, OHIO, August, 1920.

DEAR DR. BARTHOLOMEW:

We arrived here safely on Monday night. We had a good voyage across the Pacific. Our trip across the continent was very hot and dusty.

It was a great joy to find William waiting

for us here, but what a different home coming from what we had anticipated. Words fail to express our great loss and grief. I dare hardly think of the scenes of that dreadful day at Lakeside, but our dear Heavenly Father has been so near to me during it all and given me wonderful strength day by day. What a comfort to know that His grace is sufficient at all times. How gently He leads and provides if we just follow His leading and fully trust Him.

It is beautiful to know that we are all under His great care and keeping and that all is right that seems most wrong, if it be His sweet will.

William told me that you so kindly offered to come to see me, so we are not planning to stop at Philadelphia, but go straight to our relatives at Wanamaker. We expect to arrive there on Saturday evening. I shall be glad to see you any time after Sunday that you will find it convenient to come.

If possible please let me know when you are coming.

I had such a good rest here at Beams'. It seems like home to be with them.

Thank you so much for your kindness by giving William this great pleasure of meeting us here. It meant so much to me.

The children are such a great comfort to me I don't know what I should do without them.

Kindest regards from all to Mrs. Bartholomew and yourself.

Very cordially,
MARY A. REIMERT.

Letter from His Son William

I always called him "Dad," not "Father," not "Pop," just "Dad." And that expresses better than anything else could the relation that existed between us.

Isolated as we were from the many contacts the average American boy makes with those of his own age, we most naturally grew to know and understand a great deal of each other. He was my boyhood pal. It was Dad who taught me to ride, to swim, to play tennis, to shoot quickly and accurately. He was the hero of my boyish mind; and the more I reflect on those happy boyhood days, the more satisfied I am that he was my hero.

What a pal he was! Never too tired to refuse a race on horse back or a game of tennis, only to sit into the night making up for the time he lost "playing with his boys." I never think of those days without thinking of him; for he was the center of all the carefree activities that filled every hour.

When my brother and I went away to school, one of the things we looked forward to the most was the occasional letter from Dad—full of his delightful humor, excellent advice; and when we needed it, firm and impressive rebuke. I have those letters to this day, and I still read them with the same feeling of reverence and respect that I felt as a boy of thirteen.

It is my firm belief that the secret of his success with the boys with whom he worked lay in his deep understanding of a boy's mind and his mental complexes. Never will I forget how he sided with me against mother for that first pair of long trousers, and how cleverly he helped us overcome her objections to swimming in the deep waters of Tung Ting Lake. His was the boy's heart, and at those times I imagine he traveled back on memory's path to the days when he too had boyish problems to solve.

I shall always think of him as "my Dad," for that is how I knew him last and best. I shall always cherish those days of glorious fellowship in our home and at play, more particularly the days when he permitted me to accompany him on his trips to the day schools. It seems like yesterday that I rode by his side under the open sky and learned from the lips of the finest man in my youthful ken of the ways of men;

the great world of which I knew so little; the problems that would face me, and how he wanted me to face them.

My greatest regret is that I could not know my father as I grew older and my problems more puzzling. But he has been with me always, and, if in the short span of my existence, I have done anything well, done anything noble or kind for my fellow man, it is because of the inspiration of his unseen presence.

The memory of our parting on the muddy waters of Woosung harbor still remains clear. He on one side of the gang plank and I on the other, waving good-bye, both swallowing hard the great lump that rose in each throat. Both trying to smile bravely through the tears, and both anxious, even then, for the meeting that was planned two years hence.

Our meeting has been long and sadly delayed. I look forward to it as anxiously as I did seven years ago. And when it does take place it will be the glorious meeting of a boy and his Dad, long separated.

There are but two things I ask for this life of mine. The one, that I may in a measure live his life of service; the other, that some day I too may be the "Dad" my father was.

XVI

TRIBUTES OF ESTEEM

AN ELEGAIC SONNET

To the Rev. William A. Reimert

Missionary to China,

Martyred June 13, 1920

(Read by his classmate, William M. Rife, Carlisle, Pa., on the occasion of the 25th anniversary of the Class of '98 at Ursinus Alumni Dinner, June 9, 1923.)

For Lehigh's gentle youth we bow the head;
For him, a dauntless spirit, wells the tear,
United Christendom the story hear
And know of him, a famed alumnus, sped
By Oriental heathen hate that bred
His murder foul and violent. The leer
Of yellow infidel, and frenzied jeer
And devil thirst for pillage struck him dead.
Immortal Son, Ursinus' Martyr, sleep!
A son of God, your consecrated all
You gave; responded to the Gospel's call;
In far Yochow God's altar built. A guest
Of memory today, the vigil keep
O'er us. Inspire and challenge, thou, our best.

CHAPTER XVI

Tributes of Esteem

An Undying Work Begun

It certainly will ever be a great inspiration to me to have been a friend and associate of Missionary Reimert. What an undying work Mr. Reimert has begun!—Karl H. Beck.

A Blow to All of Us

It is a terrible blow which has come to our Mission and to us all personally, for Mr. Reimert was the well-beloved, kind, helpful friend of all of us. Mrs. Reimert is wonderfully brave. She has shown a most beautiful spirit which is truly an example to us all, but she needs our prayers very much.—Marion P. Firor.

He Gave His Life for Others

So many of the Chinese think that Mr. Reimert's death was the means of saving the rest of us, and this may be true, for had this not occurred at the very beginning of the trouble the slaughter might have been wholesale. A friend writes to me that they were speaking of him as 'God's good man,' and, like the Good Shepherd, he was ever giving his life for the sheep—even to the end.—Dr. William F. Adams.

Like the Saviour He Loved

A few weeks after his untimely martyrdom, one of his old students came to me with tears in his eyes and said: 'Mr. Reimert by his death saved thousands at Yochow.' Upon asking what he meant, he replied, 'Why, if Mr. Reimert had not been killed, the American gunboats would not have come to port, and had not the American gunboats arrived when they did, thousands of people in Yochow would have been massacred by the retreating northern forces.' In thus saving others at the expense of his own life, he was like the Saviour he loved, who died that we might live.—REV. ASHER R. KEPLER.

A Challenge to the Young

China will never be the same to us as before his martyrdom. It will be dearer to us and richer to us because his blood was spilled for us there. The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church. How many more of our young people will his martyr death call into the foreign field? When the missionaries, fifty years ago, died like flies in Africa, for every one that died there were several ready to go. And that has always been true in the history of missions. Reimert's death is a challenge to the young

people of our own Church.—DR. JAMES I. GOOD.

He Lived His Religion

A man who lived his religion as did our Mr. Reimert will never be forgotten by Chinese or foreigners.—ANNA KANNE STEFFEN.

He Died to Protect Others

I have not all the details of the Lakeside attack. It will take some time for me to gather all the facts. One thing is clear—Brother Reimert's death has made a profound impression upon the Chinese and God will bless this. They, the Chinese, say that Brother Reimert laid down his life to protect the women and girls from the brutalities of the wanton soldiers. The spirit of Christian knighthood is not dead. Let us honor this glorious sacrifice by nobler service on our part. Mrs. Reimert is brave; but, O Lord, her heart is sore, and so is mine.—DR. WILLIAM E. HOY.

A Stupendous Loss

Along with our fellow-missionaries we feel keenly the personal loss we have sustained in the sudden taking away of our esteemed co-worker, Rev. W. A. Reimert. His companionship on many a trying trip to the outstations

meant much to us and his wise counsel and sound advice have helped and encouraged us in many a difficult situation. The work of our Mission has sustained a stupendous loss, and we can but pray that God will make use of this tragic occurrence to further, in some way, the cause of His Kingdom.—REV. F. K. HEINRICHSOHN.

The Mystery of His Untimely End

A wonderful life has come to a close. A herald of the cross, a hero of the faith has laid down his life! The love of Christ had constrained him to answer the call—'Who will go?' —'I will go.' Surely he has accomplished a great work. Truly he has seen and witnessed great transitions in that land of possibilities. The desire of his soul has been realized. He hoped to launch a great enterprise. He has helped to open the door and today there is the 'open door' whereof we should be glad and thankful. Truly we believe that he should have remained longer to see the fruits of his labors and still further the work so nobly begun! But why was he cut down in the prime of life? Why was the young Galilean cut down in the prime of life? Speak, thou hidden Mystery! 'What I do now ye know not but ye shall know,

understand, hereafter.' Do we know? Surely! deep, unfathomable are the mysteries of divine grace and love. I believe, Brother Bartholomew, that out of this *great event* (dare we say misfortune?) will come a rich harvest that will bring riches to many lives. I see the hand of God directing and shaping the destiny of Empires, of lives and of His Kingdom.—REV. CHARLES A. BUTZ.

Our Missionary Martyr

From The Outlook of Missions

June 13, 1920, will always be remembered as a fatal day for our China Mission. It was the day when cruel plunderers invaded the Lakeside compound, and shot dead our dear brother, Rev. William A. Reimert, one of our most devoted missionaries. They were soldiers, who did these foul deeds, ruffians of the worst type. As we think of what our Mission is doing, and the spirit in which our missionaries are living among the Chinese, we are led to pray for the murderers: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Only a code message has thus far been received from Dr. William F. Adams, Secretary of the China Mission. We should receive letters by the middle of July. There is every reason to hope that all the other missionaries are safe.

Missionary Reimert has left a record that any Christian worker may well covet. He was by nature and by grace endowed for the great service that he rendered to His Lord and the Church. Of a quiet, gentle spirit, he won the hearts of all who came in contact with him. Beloved by the people for his devotion to them, esteemed by his co-workers for his fine sense of fair play, and mourned by a host of friends, such is the inscription that will ever adorn the name of William A. Reimert, a Christian martyr to the cause of truth and righteousness in China.

The Church Bows in Sorrow

From the Reformed Church Messenger

The sad news in Dr. Bartholomew's statement, with the appealing pictures of our dear friend who paid the last full measure of devotion to the greatest of causes, and his bereaved family, bring home to the Church with tragic intensity the genuine sacrifices of our missionary heroes and heroines on the far-flung battle line of the Kingdom. It is the fine flower of our faith that these men and women of God are willing, if need be, to die at the post of duty. No soldiers in the trenches will walk more unflinchingly than they the path of "peril,

toil and pain." Do we remember often enough in our prayers those so far away from home who stand on the frontiers of the world for Christ?

We cannot believe that the peril in Hunan will be more than temporary and sporadic, such as must ever be considered probable under unsettled conditions in a war-torn world. But whatever the peril, others will volunteer to carry the torch that falls from the hands of our martyrs. The work must go on.

We thank God for such a life as that of William A. Reimert. He was a great missionary, and he has rendered a service that will live forever. Let us keep very tenderly in our hearts these days the dear wife and children of our slain brother. May they have in abundant measure the peace of God in their great grief!

Death Loves a Shining Mark

From a Letter to Mrs. Reimert

Words fail me to tell you how sad of heart I have been ever since the distressing news came to hand of the tragic death of dear Brother Reimert. I cannot pour out my soul to you in words. I rejoice to know that the Lord has given you abundant grace to bear up under this great sorrow and to be able to tell me that you can fully trust Him. This certainly shows a

beautiful Christian spirit, and the mind of a servant of Christ who by experience has been taught that all things work together for good to them that love the Lord.

Long ago I heard it said, "Death loves a shining mark." He surely found that mark in the one who gave up his life at the gate while on guard for the safety of the women and children within the compound. I need not tell you of my great love and high esteem for your dear husband. Let me extend to you and your dear children and all your loved ones, my deepest sympathy in this new bereavement that has befallen you. May the Lord comfort you, sustain you and defend you in every time of need. God is our refuge and strength and He will not forsake His faithful children.—SECRETARY BARTHOLOMEW.

An Appreciation

Action of the China Mission

When, on the 13th of June, 1920, Northern soldiers, during their retreat before the Southern forces, made a cowardly attack upon our people and property of Huping College, Yochow City, Hunan, China, and foully murdered the Rev. William A. Reimert, they inflicted upon his family, the Reformed Church in the United States, our Board of Foreign Missions and on

the China Mission a great loss. If death brings us this painful consciousness of loss, does it not mean that before this brother could be lost he had to be possessed? In his family life as husband and father, as son and brother, he was indeed not his own but belonged, body and soul, mind and spirit, to those who were the constant object of his solicitous care, his watchful and ungrudging labor, and his reassuring affection and forethought. To these we can say that the promises of our Lord help us to point them to the law of spiritual life and growth that loss is turned into the imperishable riches of our faith in eternal life through the Resurrection and the Life.

At school Brother Reimert was also the possession of others. He was an earnest student, the joy of his teachers, the hope of his college and seminary. He was the center of a bright circle of college friends, who to this day remember him out of the fullness of what he unconsciously imparted unto them of fair visions and noble purposes. In 1902, Dr. James I. Good wrote to the President of our China Mission as follows: "In mental and spiritual endowments and in leadership among his fellows he stands to the front of my pupils." We may say that among his school friends he made

ideals realizable that apart from him would never have been dreamed of, and by doing this he enhanced in the men he touched the value of life.

To his large circle of friends among the laity and ministry of the Reformed Church in the United States, to our Board of Foreign Missions and to the Prayer Circle by whom he was so faithfully supported the news of his murder came with the sense of an impoverishing robbery. To these we may say, that however they may conceive death, it belongs to those sufferings by which Christians learn obedience, and are made more fit for God.

Here in China, among the Chinese and in the China Mission of the Reformed Church in the United States the loss we have sustained brings out into bold relief the worth of our social and personal possessions in our departed brother. Teacher, preacher, friend, more than brother to some of the older, father and guide to many a Chinese lad or youth, a lover of truth, a sincere and humble follower of Jesus Christ, ever striving to visualize the real spiritual presence of God in a remarkable gift of prayer, the Rev. William A. Reimert will always belong to the Chinese. The families centering in the dynamic circle of the Day Schools which his rich person-

ality vitalized will never lose the vision and inspiration of that manhood splendid. The pupils and teachers of those Day Schools, and the faculty and students of Huping College will never let go their firm hold on the quickening principles instilled by his presence and untiring service. The China Mission in general and the Yochow Station in particular will ever cherish the rich inheritance of his personality and companionship. A safe and wise guide in his grasp of the fundamentals of missions he brought to us undying influences to make our lives and service more worth while individually and collectively.

We know not now the full lesson of his removal from us, but we will learn it step by step. The Chinese say that in his self-sacrifice for the safety and honor of the women and girls he saved thousands. To live or to die for others, we know not which is best. However, in the combination of these two forms of high service have we not the best that can be said of any man? What more can a man do or be or give? God help us to learn our task.

Respectfully submitted,
WILLIAM EDWIN HOY,
ALICE E. TRAUB,
GEORGE RANDOLPH SNYDER,
Committee.

His Last Words to Dr. Hoy

And now we must bow in grief and in resignation of soul when we refer to the murder of Rev. William A. Reimert by Northern soldiers on June 13, 1920. As one of the men in the office of the Associated Mission Treasurers in Shanghai said to me, "It is one of those inscrutable experiences of life that impel us forward rather than hinder us." A kind and genial friend, a real brother in Christ Jesus, a safe counsellor, a man of fervent spirit, of remarkable gifts of prayer, an inspiration to others, a most excellent guide of boys and young men, a sincere follower of Jesus Christ, a lover of truth, alive to God and to the best that may be found in men,—a manly man, a Godly man, has been taken from us. And how? He died for others. He was thinking not of self; he gave himself to save the honor of women and girls from the brute force and lust of undisciplined soldiers. The whole world heard the news by cable message. When the whole world truly appreciates the motive of his self-sacrifice, men will place new value on the human race that can produce such a spirit and such an act of devotion to the highest, holiest ideal of manhood. Thank God for such a type of man in Christ Jesus. Thousands of Chinese say, "He

gave himself for us;" and so he did. Shall we not all strive to honor his memory by a larger, greater, better Huping College? The last words he spoke to me as he bade me good-bye on leaving for the United States last March were, "The Greater Huping College!" Yes, strong brother of my soul, the greater Huping College will hold thy name in loving, inspiring remembrance forever.

Love's Strength Standeth in Life's Sacrifice

By His Associate, Rev. J. W. Owen

In St. Paul's Cathedral, London, the visitor will see a tablet with an inscription which runs something as follows: "If you seek for a memorial to Christopher Wren, look around;" and what a wonderful memorial that stately building is to that great man. One of the greatest missionaries of the Reformed Church—Rev. W. A. Reimert has been called to higher service, and we who knew him so well and worked with him in China would say: Do you seek for a memorial to Brother Reimert? LOOK AROUND.

Look around, not at buildings of stone, brick, or wood,—though he has some fine buildings of these materials to his credit—but at the lives of men, women and children who have been

won for Christ and His Kingdom through his life and service. Look around through the large Yochow District and see the large number of Day Schools he has organized and supervised, the bright faces of hundreds of boys to whom he has brought life and hope. Look around, and see an undying memorial in the most trustworthy Evangelists we have in our China field. Men who were won for Christ in those hard early years, who were taught and trained by years of patient and painstaking work, and through whom, we can say of Reimert, "he being dead yet speaketh."

Look around at the whole China Mission and see in the wonderful success and development a memorial to one who through quiet, self-sacrificing, hard, administrative work has done so much to make that success and development possible.

Look around, at the lives of his colleagues, and fellow missionaries whose lives have been touched by his and received much of his love, sympathy, patience, fortitude and spiritual strength.

This was a life pre-eminently lived for others, and in a very real sense a life laid down that by his death greater good might come upon the people he loved.

The writer has faith to believe that Reimert by his death will have done more for the people of Hunan than very many years of united missionary effort. It was said of his Master—It was needful that one man should die for the nation that the people perish not—and so we believe this is true of Reimert. If through his death the province of Hunan is rid of that tyrant-bandit, Governor Chang-Kin-Yao, and his cut-throat troops at whose hands the people of Hunan have suffered so long and so much, then by his death, as by his life,—yea, more than ever one could by a whole lifetime of service—Brother Reimert has rendered a never-to-be-forgotten service to China.

"Measure thy life by loss instead of gain,
Not by the wine drunk, but by the wine poured forth,
For love's strength standeth in life's sacrifice,
And he who suffers most hath most to give."

The Chinese could well say of him what the Jews said of another as they wished to specially commend him to Jesus. "For he loveth our nation, and hath BUILT for us." Brother Reimert showed, and proved his love for the Chinese by his fine constructive work. He truly was a skillful co-worker of the Wise Master Builder,

and should you seek a memorial to him, Look around in Hunan.

His is the high honor of being counted worthy and called to higher service. Ours is the sad loss and added work and responsibility. "God buries His workmen but carries on His work."

Is not this wonderful life lived, and heroically laid down, a call to you, dear reader, to come over and help us carry on this work?

He Exemplified the Spirit of Christ

By a Former Co-worker at Yochow

I have received a letter from Chang-ming Pong, a graduate of our Eastview Middle Schools, who is now a student at Huping College. As it may be of interest to the many friends of Rev. William A. Reimert, I will quote part of it.

"The awful news of Rev. Reimert's death has already reached you, I think. Nevertheless, I like to tell you how it happened. On last Sunday, about four o'clock in the afternoon, a band of soldiers, who had come from Changsha, landed at Lung Ewei Dzui, where they began to fire their guns to drive away the inhabitants, to murder them and to loot their residences. A number of people ran to our school to save their lives. Then some one went to tell Mr.

Reimert and the other foreign teachers about the matter. Several times Mr. Reimert had experienced a matter like this, so he went straightway to the gate to await the coming of these soldiers, without any preparation. About half-past five they came to the gate, and demanded entrance. This, of course, Mr. Reimert refused with a laughing face. But they, the soldiers, allowed no discussion and shot Mr. Reimert right in the heart. Mr. Bachman and some students, amongst whom I was included, were fortunate enough to escape from them, though we stood near Mr. Reimert and though they shot at us several times. Then we ran away for our lives and the soldiers came in and robbed everything they wanted. They remained on our campus about an hour, shooting off their guns several tens of times, whenever and wherever they wished."

As I read the above, my thoughts went out to those other times that Mr. Reimert "had experienced such matters." He was so modest that we always heard about them accidentally through some eye-witnesses. It was very hard to get the particulars from him. But we discovered the details in time, and in every instance he faced the danger "with a laughing face." Those of us who knew him most inti-

mately knew how very closely he walked with his Master. He was in Christ and Christ was in him. And he faced the dangerous crises in his life with the same courageous spirit as that with which his Saviour set His face toward Jerusalem when He went up to His death. Surely we can ask nothing better of death than the Christian courage to face it without faltering, yes, "with a laughing face."

There was something pre-eminently Christlike in Reimert's character. It came out very strongly in the fact that he was a distinctly lovable man. Now to many of us the thought of a man being lovable carries with it a suggestion of weakness or of effeminacy. One finds it in writers such as the author of "Ben Hur," who represents Christ as having a womanish face. But one cannot study the life and teachings of Christ without rejecting the idea that He was other than strong, strong in His very lovableness, and not in spite of it. And it was thus that Reimert always appealed to those who knew him. And those of us who knew him best, loved him the most.

To the Chinese, such a character as that of Reimert made a strong appeal. Did he not exemplify the strong, loving character of Christ? Did he not live it from day to day? He not

merely preached and taught that Christianity is a life, he lived that life. And what made him really a power for Christ was the fact that the better they knew Reimert, the clearer they saw the Christ revealed in him. Great as is the work of preaching to and teaching the Chinese, the living of such a life before them is far greater.

We are going to miss him in our work—words fail me to say just how much. We will miss his wise counsel. We will miss his brilliant work as a teacher. But, above all, we are going to miss his strong, Christ-like personality, a personality that made itself felt by all who came in contact with him.

As I look back over the forty odd years of my life, I see many things that have brought me deep joy. But I know of no time when I felt a deeper sense of joy and satisfaction than when I found that I was admitted to the inner circle of Reimert's most intimate friends. And as the years have passed and I have grown to know him more thoroughly, my love and admiration for him have grown deeper and deeper. And now that he has gone over, it just seems as though a part of my life has gone with him. Is it not true that as those who are a very part of our lives step over into the great

beyond, they carry with them, each one, a part of us, thus making that life a very part of our present life? And when our turn comes, the step will not be so bitter as we fear, for by it we realize our complete selves. Reimert has prepared for himself a very full life in Christ Jesus. May God give each one of us the grace and strength to do as well.

J. FRANK BUCHER.

Shenchowfu.

CHAPTER XVII

The Heroism of Missions

WHAT is the secret of the heroic adventure in the life of the foreign missionary? We have to go to Calvary, the School of Love, and there contemplate the unveilings of redemptive grace. "For me to *live* is *Christ*, and to die is gain." This is the mark engraven on the heart of every true missionary of the Cross. It is the program of Christ that the missionary adopts as his rule of life and conduct. He follows whithersoever the Lamb of God goeth.

Jesus laid down certain conditions for those who would be His true missionaries—the sent of God. The test of discipleship was, and is now, "He that taketh not his Cross, and followeth after Me, is not worthy of Me." What a program for timid souls! How audacious for a stranger in Israel to lay down such an ironclad condition! That program has never been changed; the condition remains the same. We do well in these days of self-assertion and self-protection and self-aggrandisement to reaffirm this original program of the Master for us all. It is not by silence but by expression that we win: "Whosoever shall confess Me before men." It is not by drifting but by en-

durance that we win. "He that endureth unto the end shall be saved." It is not by self-aggrandisement but by self-sacrifice that we win. "He that loseth his life shall find it." This was the program of our Lord *then,* and it is His program *now.*

What is true of the individual is equally true of the Church. The Church that would live must die. There can be no Olivet of sweet communion without its Calvary of sweat and blood. In order to live the Church must be missionary in spirit, working out her salvation by the ministries of her loyal sons and daughters—the bright stars in the crown of her rejoicing. The manifold grace of God can only be experienced by the Church in all its rich fullness when she proclaims it to the varied and manifold needs of the race. The evangel of Jesus is for all the world. Confine it to one tribe, or tongue, or clime, and you kill it. Take it to India, China and Japan; set it side by side with the teachings of the sages of these lands, and you will discover for your own souls a glow and a glory that will warm and illumine you in every hour of need. The lamp we hold out for others will shine more brightly for us.

One of the questions that fond parents of missionaries and even friends of new workers

with their faces set towards China frequently ask, is: "Is it safe for my son, my daughter, or for me, to go to China during the perilous times in Hunan?" My reply has invariably been: "They are as safe in China as in America." Missionary Reimert was shot at Lakeside by a heartless soldier; Missionary Keller was run over by an auto truck in Cleveland as he was getting ready to return to China. A man is always safe, even though he dies, when he is following the Lamb of God whithersoever He goeth. "Who is he that can harm you if ye be followers of that which is good?" The man who lives in ease, and comfort, and bloodless service has no power to fertilize the waste places of the earth. But John Bunyan with his Bedford jail experiences is still living on in his Pilgrim's Progress. This martyr for Christ is today still encouraging hope in the dying and opening the prison doors to captive souls. The Church that goes out in sacrificial ministries to the needy world is all-conquering. The men and women who gave away their lives for the sake of others are our present inheritance. "They loved not their lives unto the death, and they overcame by the blood of the Lamb."

Such is the range and reach of those in whom dwells the Spirit of Christ and who pour out

their life's blood on fields of service for mankind. Alas! our service too often ends where blood-letting begins. We stop short of the promise of fertility. "The *blood* of the martyrs is the seed of the Church." It is the blood of service that sanctifies all human toil. It is at the point where service becomes costly that it begins to pay. Life becomes fruitful when it becomes sacrificial. How true of many of us that our service ends when we reach the bitter cup. "Are ye able to drink the cup that I drink of?" Jesus asks each one of us. Are we ready to follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth? So long as He leads in green pastures and beside the quiet waters we follow with willing step. But will we go with Him into the garden of suffering and on to the death of the Cross? Only as we enter into "the fellowship of His sufferings" will we find "the joy of the Lord to be our strength." Laid up in heaven is the gold and silver of the loyalty and steadfastness and triumphant faith of those who follow the Son of God in His course a kingly crown to gain. This is our comfort as we look back; it is our inspiration as we look forward.

CHAPTER XVIII

He Being Dead Yet Speaketh

IN the death of our martyr-missionary we find a clarion call to the young life of the Church who seek a worthy investment of their lives. Upon them rests the burden of the world's reconstruction. The world is calling them and will not be denied. "Come over and help us." It is the Macedonian cry of the New Era. Out there in China, in Japan, in India, in Africa, lies the new world of opportunity. Clouds and darkness rest upon the Far East and the Near East; difficulties will not give way, but we believe that the glorious conquest of the Christian Church is certain, and the one element in this victory will be the fidelity of the martyr-missionaries. Wherever there is the grave of a martyr, there we have the pledge of future possession.

Today the call comes to us to dedicate our lives to the great task remaining before us, that those who have died, giving the last full measure of devotion, shall not have died in vain.

In view of the wonderful life lived by our missionary Reimert, and heroically laid down at the gate of Lakeside, is there not in it a sol-

emn challenge to us to give our lives and possessions for the salvation of the undying millions in China? Let us behold their pathetic needs and limitless possibilities! Let us try to forget and forgive the tragic horrors and appalling difficulties of the past in Hunan, and with the bright promises of a new day in China face the future with the prayer of our Saviour: "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do." This is high ground, but we cannot afford to take lower. Our dear brother in the Faith could say to those lawless soldiers: "Men, you may kill my body, but you cannot harm my soul. It will return to God who gave it. I shall see you in the Day of Judgment. I urge you to repent of your sins. Lord, lay not *this* sin to their charge."

"O China! China! Our noblest and best have frequently laid down their lives for you. Will you do naught in return? Surely you are not your own, but you are bought with a price, and what a price!"

In his last letter to me, Brother Reimert made this request: "Do not work Dr. Hoy too hard." Is there not in that anxious warning a loud and solemn call to the Church to send reinforcements to Hunan, where the laborers are so few (less than 200 among more than

30,000,000), and the need so great? What our hero-missionary said of Dr. Hoy applies with equal force to every worker in our China Mission. Prof. George Bachman, who was with Mr. Reimert when he was shot and at whom the first gun was aimed, but who dared the villian to fire, closed a letter to Dr. J. Albert Beam with this pitiful appeal: "If only some foreign help would come." That modest missionary, Rev. Edwin A. Beck, in referring to the tragic death of Brother Reimert, cried out: "Where is the strong man to fill the breach? Who are the men who will rally in a day like this?" He further writes: "These misfortunes have been befalling us, but it is our duty—yours and ours —and our Chinese friends, to loyally hold up the Cross of Christ, in spite of storms that blow and thunderbolts that sometimes crash."

A few years ago at the close of a sultry day a sudden thunder storm arose and the lightning struck the tower of the college chapel at Lakeside, shattering it, though the building itself was not burned. And there, above the ruins of the tower, the gilded cross was still standing, untouched. Despair had laid hold of the missionary, who did not know what the Chinese might think after their Thunder God had shown such particular displeasure for the

Christian religion. But one of the students had an inspiration that the distressed soul of the missionary was in need of, for he called on the sorely tried missionary to join with him in singing the hymn:

"In the Cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time,
All the light of sacred story,
Gathers round its head sublime."

God forbid that we should glory save in the Cross of Jesus Christ! He gave His life for the life of the world, and His cross is His supreme crown of joy. It is by the way of the cross that we reach the summit of our assurance that God reigns, and that though "clouds and darkness are round about Him," yet "righteousness and justice are the habitation of His throne." At the Cross we find the fountain open for sin and uncleanness in the house of Israel. There we get the vision that turns death into life and defeat into victory. The cross solves the mysteries of the world; it plants our feet on the Rock of Ages, marshals around us the angels of God, throws over us the shadow of the Almighty and encircles us in the arms of His love.

Methinks after his translation into the King-

dom above, our martyr-missionary Reimert is echoing back this message to all who mourn his loss and who will feel the absence of his love:

"My thoughts are now for the souls of men,
I have lost my life to find it again,
E'er since alone in a quiet place,
My Master and I stood face to face."

"O make me meet to follow the marks of Thy tired feet!"

ASSOCIATED MENNONITE BIBLICAL SEMINARIES
ELKHART
LIBRARY

WITHDRAWN from AMBS LIBRARY

DATE DUE

DEMCO 38-297

B
R36
B

35400

Bartholomew, Allen
The martyr of Hupong

DEMCO

ASSOCIATED MENNONITE BIBLICAL SEMINARY
3 9304 01003838 9